

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART;
TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART.

SATURDAY, October 9, 1802.

THE UNFORTUNATE FEMALE.

(From a late periodical work.)

Sir,

ACCIDENTALLY passing through one of those alleys in the metropolis where poverty and wretchedness are usually concealed, my pity and observation were suddenly attracted by the figure of a female who was stretched upon the ground. The unfortunate have always a claim upon compassion, but there was something peculiarly interesting in the appearance of her distress, and my heart instantly resolved to relieve it without waiting to obtain the sanction of my head. Her form was rather above the middle stature, but such a one as an artist might have been proud to paint; and her countenance bore those traces of affliction which it is impossible for any other to have so interestingly revealed. One hand was supporting a sleeping infant, whilst the other sustained her languid head; and as the drops of affliction stood trembling in their orbits, their dark silken curtains concealed them from general gaze.

Sympathy and compassion for some moments checked my utterance, but I regarded her with a tenderness more expressive than speech; and gazing upon me in return with the most imploring countenance, her eyes were instantly rivetted upon the child. "I understand you," I exclaimed, taking the hand of

the infant, "and sacredly promise to become his friend; but something must be done to remove your present weakness. Remain there, I entreat you, until I am able to procure a coach."

The procuring a coach was a matter of no difficulty, but a mansion for the unfortunate I knew was not so easily obtained; however, luckily, I recollected that a late servant of my father's kept a decent lodging house in one of the adjacent streets. Thither, then, with the utmost expedition, I hastened, and soon settled all pecuniary affairs with his wife, who accompanied me to the spot where I had left the object of my sympathy, and assisted me in lifting her in the coach.

The motion of the carriage, and the pain she seemed to suffer, soon completely exhausted her slight remains of strength; and, making an effort to press the infant to her bosom, she sunk apparently lifeless into my arms, and in that state was conveyed into a bed that had been prepared.

Whilst the worthy Mrs. Dawkins was using means for her recovery, I was employed in procuring medical advice, and was much gratified at hearing that her temporary insensibility was the effect of faintness, not the presage of death. For several days she remained in too weak a condition even to pay attention to her lovely child; yet she constantly regarded him with looks of affection, and for his sake seemed anxious to preserve her life.

As soon as she was capable of expressing her sensations, she besought

THE public are herewith presented with the first number of the VISITOR, containing moral and pleasing essays, original as well as selected, the intent of which is, and ever shall be, to portray the beauties of virtue, and the hideous deformity of vice.

The Publishers herewith having lately purchased the right and interest in the New-York Journal, (originally the Ladies' Monitor) propose continuing it on a plan similar to that adopted by its original proprietor. To preserve the morals, improve the minds, and divert the leisure hours of the female part of society, is a pursuit which we have every reason to expect will be encouraged, and in which we solicit the patronage of the public.

The selections shall be made from the latest and best English and American periodical works, voyages, travels, discreet novels, &c.

To be published on Saturday in every week.

The price—two dollars per annum, payable half-yearly. Country subscribers to pay for one year in advance.

At the end of each year, a Title page and Index will be given, for the purpose of binding with the vols.

Heaven to pour down its choicest blessings on my head; and entreated that I might be conveyed into her presence, that she might prove that my benevolence had not been misapplied.

It was in vain that I entreated her to defer her narrative until time and care had recruited her strength; for she seemed so fearful of my forming an unfavorable opinion, that I thought disappointment might become more injurious than speech; and after conjuring her to stop if she found herself exhausted, she began her melancholy history in the following words:

"Wretched and forlorn as was the state in which you found me, the sunshine of prosperity illumined my juvenile days; and though the last eighteen months have been overclouded by affliction, yet previous to that period my prospects were serene. My father has an estate in Shropshire, and had me educated by a private governess with the most solicitous care; for as I had the misfortune of losing my mother at the moment of my existence, every particle of his tenderness was centered in his child. Masters of every kind were engaged for my instruction, and my dear father seemed delighted with the improvements I made; yet, anxious to see me excel in every elegant accomplishment, at length resolved to spend a winter in London.

"As he derived his name from a very antient family, and his manners were peculiarly calculated to please, he was visited by people of the first distinction immediately after his arrival in town; but my mornings were regularly devoted to my studies, or to the acquiring of those accomplishments for which I had left my home.

"Amongst the number of families that paid my father attention, none were of so flattering a nature as those he received from the Earl of D—, whose second son soon offered me those pointed civilities which it was impossible for me, though so young to misconceive.

"Of all the men I had been introduced to, the Honourable Mr. C— was the one I most disliked; and I was shocked at observing my father encourage his attentions by the most marked appearance of friendship and esteem. As I had always treated him with the most ingenuous confidence, I did not conceal my sentiments with regard to Mr. C—, but spoke of him in terms to my hitherto indulgent parent, which I perceived, had excited either anger or chagrin.—

For some days after this imprudent conversation, I thought my father treated me with distance and reserve; but he soon assumed his wonted tenderness, and my heart again acquired its accustomed ease.

"Mr. C— still continued to annoy me by his presence, and each day more fully convinced me of his regard; but, instead of feeling any satisfaction in his attentions, my dislike and abhorrence daily increased: though accustomed to the first society, his manners were disgusting to a high degree, and there was an overbearing haughtiness even in his attempts to please; for, instead of endeavoring to win the affections, he seemed to fancy he could force them under control.

"One morning, observing me particularly out of spirits, he entreated my father to allow him to introduce a friend, whose peculiar taste in the science of music he flattered himself would tend to amuse my mind. My father, delighted at this mark of his affection, requested him to bring his friend to dine; and the moment he left us to secure his companion, congratulated me upon the admirer I had gained.

"It was in vain that I urged my repugnance to Mr. C—'s person, or expressed the horror I should feel at becoming his wife: my objections were treated as childish caprices, and I was commanded to treat him as the object of a father's choice. If his person had before been completely disagreeable, the thoughts of his re-appearance created a disgust upon my mind; and that impression was infinitely heightened by comparing him with his insinuating and accomplished friend. He introduced Mr. Edwards as an intimate companion with whom he had taken the European tour; yet there was a supercilious haughtiness in his manner of addressing him, that proved he piqued himself upon the adventitious superiority of birth.

"Soon after dinner, the gentlemen joined us, and my heart was absolutely ravished with delight, for never had I heard harmony to such perfection as the accomplished stranger could produce. His conversation was no less enchanting than his performance, for sense and refinement embellished his mind; and even my father seemed so pleased by the justice of his observations, that he gave him a general invitation to our house, and he soon became our constant guest; in short, our partiality was reciprocal from the moment of introduction.
(To be continued)

Right useful Directions to Epicures.

Very proper to be read before going to Anniversary Dinners.

MAKE it a rule to be early in your attendance: every epicure will allow that it is better to wait a little for dinner, than have the dinner spoiled by waiting for him.

II.

Carefully inspect the bill of fare, that you may know what is coming, and be able to place yourself accordingly.

III.

Seat yourself directly opposite to your favorite dish; in that case you will be able to help yourself to the nice cuts.

IV.

Help yourself plentifully at first, as it is a thousand to one whether you have a chance of a second plateful, and there may some present who understand the joint as well as yourself.

V.

Watch the eye of him who wishes to *hob or nob*, and ask him to drink a glass of wine with you.—You may get drunk otherwise, but not so expeditiously and politely.

VI.

If you wish to be very witty at the expence of any of the company, attack him after the second bottle: ten to one but he forgets it all before morning, or if not, you can plead that you had too much wine in your head.

VII.

Always join loudly in the chorus of a song: it opens the pores, and gives a particular relish to the wine.

VIII.

In returning home, particularly, if drunk, prefer riding on horseback: you may have a fall in the other way, but there is more spirit and effort in a fall from a horse; besides, you can always blame the horse who threw you off, although he was sober.

A person said to a miser one day, with whom he was very intimate, "I am now going a journey, give me your ring, which I will keep about me, and whenever I see it I shall remember you." He answered, "If you want to remember me, whenever you see your finger naked, always think of me, that you wanted a ring of such a man, and he did...not give it."

THE COTTAGE OF LOVE.

IT is in the arms of sympathetic affection, in the bosom of domestic retirement, that the tenderest dispositions of the heart are unfolded with such transporting endearments. Where in the female possessing the least sensibility, whose tender bosom has not heaved with painful solicitude for some beloved object, to whom she might pour out her whole soul, on perusing those natural sketches of connubial felicity which several popular authors have so feelingly described? Does not an exquisite sense of the want of something to be kind to, embitter the pleasure which would otherwise flow from such a delightful contemplation, when heightened by the inexpressible transports of mutual love? A passion, which, if it does not immediately inspire, yet it predisposes the breast for its reception; and produces a train of corresponding emotions which never fail to subjugate the heart, and render it susceptible to the impressions of a genuine and lasting affection.

If, then, the simple portraiture of an innocent and sympathetic attachment still retains one particle of its primitive influence, let not an interesting representation of domestic happiness lose its effect; but let anticipation fire the bosom with a just abhorrence of every species of impropriety of conduct, whilst at the same time it stimulates to a love of virtue, which leads to permanent felicity.

Partially secluded from the world, in a picturesque situation, partaking more of the beautiful than the romantic, on the fertile banks of the river Tees, stands a neat little dwelling, nearly overgrown with honeysuckles and eglantine, known among the neighboring inhabitants by the heartfelt appellation of the *Cottage of Love*...the delightful abode of Leander and his beloved Cleora.

Love, pure and unalloyed, exists but in privacy and solitude; secrecy and silence nourish the flame, whilst the fond lover assimilates the charms of the beloved object with the surrounding beauties of nature. Shady groves and murmuring streams, on whose sedgy banks we can wander uninterrupted, ruminating on the pleasures of the past, or anticipating the prospects of the future, soften the heart, and render it truly susceptible of that refined passion. Ah! then, how delightful is it to participate this happiness with the object

of our affections! This alone is ecstasy; this, truly.

Gives to the tender and the good
A Paradise below.

Blest with a moderate fortune, Leander sought not to increase his paternal inheritance by sordidly accumulating a heap of riches; to acquire which, he well knew the sacrifices he must necessarily make, and how dangerous a superfluous mass of wealth would prove to his virtue, in which alone he centered all his hopes of happiness.

How much is the inward complacency of that man to be envied, whose desires are always proportioned to his abilities! Early in life he obtained the hand, and (excellent gift) the heart of his amiable Cleora. Ten years have now elapsed since first the lovely girl encouraged his addresses; and yet have they never suffered any of those corroding passions which too frequently agitate the breast and deaden every sense of enjoyment, ever to disturb the uninterrupted serenity of their happiness. Inhabitants of two adjacent villages, a three years' intimacy could not but make them familiarly acquainted with each other's dispositions; yet their respective knowledge on this head was obtained by means very different from those which more ordinary lovers pursue. A mutuality of esteem engendered a mutuality of confidence; whilst a congeniality of disposition prompted them to disclose every feeling of the heart, and to impart, as well as the tongue with its feeble organ of speech could impart, the delightful sensations they experienced in the society of each other. Bias, gratitude, admiration, hope, and all the tender solicitudes of genuine love, conspired to transport the enraptured pair into the fairest scenes of elysian happiness. It is true, their notions of love were in the highest degree romantic; but, then, they were not indulged without the most sanguine hopes of realizing their expectations. Conscious of their own worth, they sought not to captivate the hearts of those with whom they associated: ordinary charms were displayed in ordinary company; they lived but for each other. Coquetry and reserve were terms equally unknown; anticipation constantly representing the ecstasies they should experience when their souls should be united in the rapturous bonds of sympathetic love, they studied so to augment its endearments,

that, when the mind should fondly recur to those precious moments on which they gradually unfolded a mutual passion, retrospection might not retrace (delicious satisfaction!) one unpleasant circumstance, one painful remembrance, to embitter their future happiness.

At length the day arrived when Leander reached the summit of his wishes: Cleora, bedecked with innocence and modesty, accompanied him to the village church; smiles of affability sporting on her countenance.

Ah! Love, it is to thee mankind are indebted for all the ecstasies of domestic happiness, all the living sympathies of Nature! Thou art, indeed, that delicious drop which inflames the soul of man with every thing that is exalted.

Features which glow with a corresponding expression indicative of every sentiment, give an inexpressible charm to conversation. 'Tis expression which adds gracefulness and energy to language, and bespeaks, beyond the power of words, the sincerity of the heart, which sanctions with approbation the utterings of the voice.

Reader! envious thou the exalted enjoyments of this happy pair? Does thy fond bosom heave with anxious perturbations, lest thou shouldst never participate with some amiable female the delicious transports of wedded love? If thou art in some degree conscious of that "aching void," which tortures the breast of sensibility, when deprived of the lovely object of its first attachment....restrain every intemperate desire; let not the impetuosity of youth betray thee into follies, the very recollection of which may ever embitter thy future happiness: let no licentious passions sway thy heart, or tempt thee to violate those sacred principles which influence a genuine and disinterested passion; but remember that the greatest impediment to permanent affection, is the indulgence in criminal pleasures; as the rapturous emotions of love can only be experienced in the breast of innocence, and when the tender affections of the heart are solely centered in one object.

"Go and do thou likewise."

A beggar went to the gate of a rich person, and asked for something; some one cried out, "Madam is not within." The beggar returned, "I asked for a bit of bread, and not for a lady."

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

POLITENESS.

OH! don't undertake to explain such a common subject, a subject that every body understands perfectly well, says the flirting, inconsiderate Delia to her uncle.—Yes, I shall, replied he, and I will convince you too, that you know less about it than you suppose. Politeness is, indeed, a term that is much in use,—perhaps none more so,—but like *Friendship, Love, Religion*, and I think I may add *Modesty*, it is much talk'd of, and but little understood. However, before I proceed, since you suppose you have a thorough understanding of it, I wish you to explain it, according to the best of your knowledge.

That I will readily do, replied she, —It means,—politeness means,—that is, it signifies,—it does—Oh, it means the same thing as to be genteel, or very fashionable.—There sir, you must acknowledge that I have hit it exactly.

I will acknowledge, answered he, that you have hit it exactly as I expected you would. The truth is, that three-fourths of those who make the greatest pretensions to it, are altogether ignorant, even of the very first principles of it, and if ever they happen to act according to the dictates of real politeness, it is because they have a little pure good nature remaining, not yet entirely corrupted by vice or fashion. And so far is politeness and fashion from being one and the same thing, that there is no necessary connection between them, and what is still more, we often find them incompatible. —It would indeed be a happy circumstance if all who are fashionably educated, were truly polite. But a little observation and experience will teach you that this is not the case.—It is a melancholy truth that the present mode of educating young ladies, militates strongly against politeness, and indeed against almost every thing that is good. Many girls who by proper attention and instruction might have been an ornament to their sex, and an honor to society, have been, what I should call, ruined, by a bad education. They have been sent to those schools which have acquired the inconsiderate approbation of many of the fashionable and influential, and there instead of making any real improvement, have been much farther removed from what they ought to be, than they were before they went.—I have seen

them go, innocent, unassuming and modest,—I have seen them return, trifling, vain, haughty, self-conceited, and sometimes even impudent.—I will, however, allow that they generally make some improvement in drawing, dancing, dress, music, &c. but these things, though they are well enough in their proper places, ought never to be considered as of primary consequence. Those who have nothing to recommend them but such trifling and exterior accomplishments, may very justly be called objects of pity. And I can assure you, that I have not unfrequently seen people with all these qualifications, who nevertheless were totally destitute of politeness or real merit.

When I see a young lady, ridiculing those who have not been favored with opportunities for improvement, or have been educated in a different manner from that, which she supposes to be the best, I pity and despise her.—I pity her for her ignorance and weakness, and despise her for her arrogance, and her want of candor and goodness.—And yet how many young ladies do we find of this description,—how often have I seen them sneer or smile contemptuously at those they considered their inferiors.—Some little difference in dress, behavior, or manner of speaking, or perhaps a degree of awkwardness or bashfulness was discovered. But ought these things to be considered a subject of ridicule? Certainly not,—and let me tell you, that every one who is guilty of such conduct, is not only a stranger to politeness, but is possessed of an unpardonable share of malice and meanness. This perhaps may be a bitter pill to our self-important beaux and belles, but their disapproving it, I should consider as a good evidence that the remark is just.—But lest it should be supposed that I am an enemy to the little external accomplishments of the gay and fashionable, I would here observe, that I care not how much attention is bestowed upon them, provided it does not interfere with things of more importance. As well as you I like to see people graceful and genteel in their deportment, but with a fair external, I wish them also to possess the more valuable accomplishments of the mind. Otherwise, they too much resemble the whitened sepulchre, fair without, but within replete with all manner of evil.

When her uncle had proceeded thus far, Delia acknowledged that his observations were in some measure just, but

yet she thought him quite too severe. He smiled and continued his remarks, but I find, they will be too lengthy for this number, and shall therefore reserve them for the next, which you shall soon receive, provided I receive encouragement by the publication of this.

THEODORE.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO AN ENLIGHTENED PUBLIC.

MANY young ladies and gentlemen when walking on the battery, or frequenting the theatre, being utterly at a loss for proper expressions to make use of.—This is, therefore, respectfully to acquaint the public, that Messrs. Le Gout and Le Mot, retail dealers in words and syllables, have received by the latest arrivals from London, a fashionable assortment, proper for every occasion.

This collection, the largest ever on sale in this country, consists of

Oh laws and lacadaisies!—Oh dears!—Good lacks!—Bless mees!—Oh fa!—Dear mees!—Hey day!—Dear fa!—Odds me!—Hah!—Ods!—Look ye there!—Eh!—Hi!—Pooh!—Umph!—Well, I vow!—Well a-day!—So they say!—Well, to be sure!—Dear heart!—For my part!—Pon my honor!—ditto soul!—ditto faith!—ditto word!—I protest!—I'm amazed!—Pon my life!—Who'd think it!—I'm astonish'd!—Take my word for it!—I never seed the like!—Didnt I tell you so!—O gemini!—Ods bodikins! &c. &c. &c.

For public places, particularly the theatre, they have a very choice assortment of Monstrous!—Capital!—Vastly fine!—Shocking!—Charming!—Perdigious handsome! &c.

They beg leave also to inform their friends, who are in the habit of swearing, that they have lately manufactured a very large quantity of Adsniggers!—Wounds!—Zounds!—Hang me!—Rot you!—Split me!—Damn me!—The deuce; and the devil!—warranted to keep for years.

N.B. Cast off oaths taken in exchange for new ones, or repaired by the year or month.

P.S. Gentlemen going to balls, or a-courting, may be accommodated with darts, flames, and angelic charms, at — per night.

THE WOODEN LEG.

A Swiss Idyl, by Gesner.

A YOUNG shepherd was tending his goats on the mountain where the Ranti-streamlet gushes into the valley. His pastoral reed awakened the seven-fold echo among the rocks, and sounded cheerfully through the valley. Looking round, he saw a man come up the mountain; he was old, and silvery was his hair. The man advanced slowly, leaning on his staff (for he had a wooden leg) and sat down by his side on a mossy rock. The young shepherd looked at him with astonishment, and surveyed his wooden leg. Young man, said the stranger, smiling, surely thou thinkest that I ought to have staid in the valley? I perform this journey from the valley once every year. This leg, though a wooden one, is more honorable to me, than to many are two sound limbs. Father, replied the shepherd, it may be honorable to thee; but I would lay any thing, that two sound ones are more convenient. Thou must be tired. If thou chooseth, I'll give thee some fresh goat's milk, or fetch a cool draught from yon rill, which purls out of the rock.

Old Man. Thou art a good lad; a draught of cool water would refresh me. If thou wilt fetch it, I will relate to thee the history of my wooden leg.

The young shepherd flew to the rill, and soon returned with a refreshing draught.

The old man having drank of the cooling beverage, began—You, young men, ought to thank God that many of your fathers are covered with scars, and mutilated. You would cheerlessly hang your heads, instead of basking in the sun and rousing the echo. Mirth and joy resound now through the valley, and cheerful songs are heard in our mountains; liberty, sweet liberty, blesses the whole country. Mountains and valleys, as far as our eye can reach, are ours; we cheerfully cultivate our property, and what we gather we earn, shouting with joy, for our own use.

Shepherd. A man that could forget that these are the fruits of the battles fought by our fathers, would not deserve being a free man.

Old Man. Nor would I, my son, who would not do the same. Since that bloody day, I have gone once every year, from the valley up this mountain; but I am sensible that this will be my last journey. From hence I can see the

whole order of the battle in which we gained our liberty. Look, yonder did the hostile bands break forth; numerous spears glittered betwixt the trees, and we beheld at least two hundred horsemen in splendid armor; plumes nodded on their helmets, and the ground trembled beneath the hoofs of their neighing steeds. Our small bands were already broke through; our force consisted only of a few hundred. Lamentations filled the air far around, and the smoke of the burning Nâfels covered the valley, and crept dreadfully up the mountains. But now our captain stood at the foot of the mountain; yonder where the two fir-trees stand upon the rock; there he stood, surrounded only by a few. Me seems, I still see him there, collecting the scattered band, raising the banner high aloft, that it rustled like the wind preceeding a thunder-storm; the scattered warriors gathered round about him from all parts. Dost thou see these rills yonder purling down from the rock?—Though cliffs and upturned trees oppose them, look, they force their way thro', continue their course and meet in that lake: thus was it, thus flew the scattered bands to join our banner, and penetrated, fighting, through the enemy's ranks—stood round the hero, and swore—though our troop is small, if God assist us, we will conquer or die! The enemy bore upon us in close battle-array. We attacked him eleven times, and then retreated to the protecting mountain.—We maintained our ground, a close phalanx, impenetrable like that rock behind us. But now, having been reinforced by thirty heroes from Switz, we rushed upon the enemy, as a falling mountain, or as a rock, split to its base, rolls down into a forest, moving the lofty trees. The enemies shrouded around us, on horse and on foot, tangled in dreadful disorder, brought each other to the ground, while they gave way to our fury. Thus raged our bands among the enemy, laying over heaps of slain and crippled warriors to spread farther death and destruction. I was one of them; but in the wild confusion, a hostile horseman threw me down, and his steed broke my leg. One of my comrades saw me fall; he took me on his shoulder, and carried me from the field of battle. A pious monk, within a short distance, on the top of a rock, was praying to God, to grant us victory.—“Reverend father, take care of my comrade; he has fought like a man!” He spelt it, and flew back to the field of battle. We gained it! Many of our

people, I was afterwards told, were seen stretched out upon the heaps of slain enemies, as the tired mower rests upon the sheaf cut by himself. I was carefully nursed, and cured: but do not know who was my preserver; I have never had an opportunity of thanking him for having saved my life. In vain have I gone in search of him; in vain performed vows and pilgrimages, hoping that some angel or saint would reveal his name to me. But to no purpose! I shall not be able to thank him this side of the grave.

The young man had listened with tears in his eyes to the crippled veteran, and now said: Father, thou canst not thank him in this world. What dost thou say? exclaimed the old man with surprise: Dost thou then know who he was?

Shepherd. I should be very much mistaken, if he was not my own father. He has frequently related to me the history of the battle, and always added: I wonder whether that man who fought so bravely by my side, and whom I carried from the field of battle, be still living?

Old Man. Oh God, and ye saints; should he really have been your father?

Shepherd. He had a scar here (pointing at his left cheek); he had been wounded by the splinter of a spear, before he carried thee from the field of battle.

Old Man. His left cheek bled, when he carried me away. Oh my child, my son!

Shepherd. He died two years ago; and I now tend these goats for hire; for he was poor.

The old man clasped him to his heart. God be praised! I then have it in my power to discharge my debt to thee. Come, my son, come to my cottage; another lad may tend these goats. They went into the valley to his cottage. He was rich in fields and flocks, and a charming daughter was his sole heiress. Child, said he, the man who saved my life, was the father of this lad. If thou couldst love him, I would make thee his wife. The lad was handsome and lively; auburn locks shaded his face; and flaming, though modest eyes, sparkled through the copious ringlets depending from his brow. The maid took three days to consider; but on the third could conceal her love no longer. She bestowed her hand on the youth, and the old man wept tears of joy and said, “God bless you both! Now I am the happiest of men!”

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

LATE FROM EUROPE.

By the Brig Fox, Capt. Parsons, arrived at Boston on Saturday, in 33 days from Liverpool—

LONDON, August 25.

A division has sailed from Toulon, against Tunis, with an Aid-de-camp of the First Consul, who is to demand of the Bey, the cause of his violation of the treaties with France, and of his insults to the French flag. The Dey of Algiers will receive next a visit from the French squadron.

PARIS, August 21.

A very unexpected event has just taken place. The French government has entered an absolute prohibition of the introduction of *English* newspapers! It is no longer permitted to any person whatever to receive them. The Commissaries of the Police have made a rigorous search in all the coffee-houses and *Cabinets de Lecture*, and carried off all the papers which they could find.

This measure has been adopted in consequence of the remarks made in your Journals, on the article which lately appeared in the *Moniteur*.

This event has occasioned a strong sensation here. We can now receive the news from England only through the medium of the Hamburg, Frankfort, and Prussian Journals, which are too complaisant to copy any article which may displease the French government.

General Vidal, formerly chief of Bernadotte's Staff, has been arrested; it is even said that Bernadotte has received orders to quit Paris, or, as it is commonly expressed, he has accepted of a mission to conceal his being disgraced.

The government although it has proclaimed its stability, follows its old career. Its fears are as strong as ever, and in its terrors it spares neither poverty, ignorance nor weakness. It is not uncommon to see a workman dragged from his workshop to prison, without being allowed time even to take his coat with him.

P. S. I open my letter to say, that Buonaparte has passed a great part of

the night in the Conservative Senate. The Pont Neuf, and all the adjoining places are filled with troops. At eleven o'clock this morning, the First Consul returned again to the Senate. Something of the first importance is on the tapis; but the post is going out, and I have not time to add even a conjecture as to its nature.

LOUISIANA.

Extract from a London paper, of the 3d of August.

We are assured that an important document may shortly be expected to be published in the French Journals respecting the cession of the Province of Louisiana by the Court of Madrid to France. Gen. Bernadotte has received orders to hold himself in readiness to embark with a small army for that country, of which he is appointed Governor and Commandant-General.

A paper of the 17th says,

Letters from French soldiers lately embarked at Toulon and Brest, state, that they are destined against Algiers. Troops have also been embarked for Louisiana. Twenty different paragraphs have corroborated this fact.

TOUSSAINT—this unfortunate African Chief is destined to occupy the dungeon of Besancon, lately vacated by M. de Bourmont, who has been transferred to the Bastille of Ham in Picardy.

Later accounts say he has been ordered to Paris, under a strong guard of dragoons.

On Dancing, as practised in the East.

From Niebuhr's Travels.

A RESPECTABLE Mahometan, who should indulge himself in dancing, would disgrace himself in the estimation of his countrymen. The women, however, value themselves upon excellence in this exercise, and practise it without scruple, reckoning it their duty to contribute to the pleasures of their husbands, by every little art in their power. When by themselves, too, in an assembly consisting only of women, on occasion of a marriage, or any other solemnity, they vie no less than before their husbands, in dancing.

No woman would presume to appear in an assembly, if she were not handsome and magnificently dressed. If the entertainment happens to be in the house

of a family of rank, fifty of the greatest beauties in the city assemble, all dressed out in great splendor. In their train, they bring their handsomest slaves, who attend in a separate room, to take care of the coffers containing their mistresses' clothes. After the ladies have been seated for some time, and have been served with refreshments, young girls are called in, to divert the company with vocal and instrumental music. The most distinguished lady in the company then rises, dances for a few minutes, and passes into the next apartment, where her slaves are in waiting to change her dress. She lays all aside, even her slippers embroidered with gold and silver, and retains only her head-dress and bracelets, which are richly ornamented with jewels. In the mean time, the rest dance, and in their turns leave the room to change their dress; and this is successively repeated, so long, that a lady will sometimes change her dress ten times in one night; and put on so many different suits, every one richer than another. They strive all to command admiration; and their endeavors end in jealousies and grudges.

The men disdain to practise this exercise, but amuse themselves sometimes with seeing dancing girls exhibit, who go about, and dance for hire, either in places of public resort, or in private houses upon festive occasions. Those dancers are called, at Constantinople, *Tchingane* or gypsies, and at Cairo, *Ghassie*. They are young married, or unmarried women, belonging to a separate and despised class of the lower people, who intermarry only among themselves. Their parents are commonly farmers by trade. They are attended only by one man, who plays on the *semege*, and sometimes by an old woman, who plays on the tambourine, and appears to watch over their conduct; they are said, however, not to be of the most demure and rigid virtue. Yet no married Mahometan incurs any obloquy by carrying them to dance in his house; and they go wherever they are well paid. But an unmarried Mahometan dares not invite them to his house.

There is nothing peculiar in the dress of these women; when dancing, they throw up their veils, and leave them to float on their shoulders. They wear a petticoat reaching scarcely under the knee, open behind, and fixed by a broad girdle with two large buttons. The *Tchingane* dance at Constantinople, just like *Ghassie* at Cairo.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, October 2, 1802.

THEATRICALS.

HAVING heard, that the Theatre opens on Monday next; with the Play of *Adelmorn*; which for correctness, and elegant display of scenery, (we believe) has not been excelled in America.—We therefore congratulate the public, that under the auspicious and judicious management of Mr. DUNLAP, the Public will again be gratified, with as correct Performances and as much novelty, as the nature of the case may admit of: We learn he has made an addition to his former Company, by Mr. and Mrs. WHITLOCK:—Mrs. WHITLOCK, we have heard, intends to open on Wednesday next with *Elvira*, in the excellent Tragedy of *Percy*, written by Miss HANNAH MOORE, of Bristol: we trust the Ladies will encourage and support with their presence, (on that evening) one of the first Actresses on this continent.

THE IMPARTIAL.

NEW-CITY HALL.

The Corporation of this City, on Monday, decided on a plan of a *New City Hall*, to be erected between the Bridewell and Gaol, fronting the Park. A variety of Plans were submitted for their approbation, but that of Messrs. Mangin and Macomb, obtained the preference, and, we presume, the premium, (\$350). The expence of completing it is estimated at \$180,000. The elevation is elegant, and does no less credit to the taste and talents of the Architects, than it reflects honor on the Corporation. [Morn. Chron.]

HOBOKEN.

The fashionable place of resort for gentlemen, has of late, been prostituted

in a most shameful manner. Within two weeks past, some of the lower classes of society have settled their disputes on that sacred spot, in the most brutal manner, by terminating their differences with the fist. On last Monday, there were four or five couple of the sons of Mendoza at the cockpit at Hoboken, where immense crowds of our citizens assembled, to witness the skill and bravery of the most abandoned. If possible, this mode of closing disputes is more destructive to the morals of society, than that heretofore in practice amongst men of more taste; for, it is given out several days previous to the boxing matches, that on such a day, such and such bravadoes are to appear on the ground. By this means, immense crowds leave their occupations, and repair to Hoboken—here is a scene of almost every species of vice—drunkenness, boxing, swearing, &c. Is it necessary to say any thing more on this subject, to induce the interference of the civil authority? [N. York Gaz.]

THEATRE.

The public are respectfully informed, the Theatre will open for the ensuing season, on MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 11, with a *Romantic Drama*, with Songs, Chorusses, &c. called,

ADELMORN,

THE OUTLAW.

In Act 3, a VISION which exhibits the Images presented to the mind of Adelmorn in a dream.

The entertainments of the evening to commence with a

NEW MEDLEY OVERTURE.

To which will be added,

THE OLD MAID.

ACCIDENT.

On Tuesday last, a sloop from this port bound to Newburgh, ran foul of a Mount-Pleasant packet bound here, with upwards of 30 passengers on board, by which accident the mast, boom and bowsprit of the latter were carried away, and Mr. Hitchcock of New-Haven, a passenger, was unfortunately drowned. [Com. Ad.]



Marriages.

At Newtown, (L.I.) on Saturday, the 25th ult. JOSEPH MEANWELL, Esq. to the amiable Miss HANNAH KING, of Hallett's Cove.

On Sunday evening, At Albany, Mr. HENRY WEAVER, to Miss MARGARET RUBY.

The web that he more caught her heart,
Twas Hymen bid Henry to smile,
Twas Cupid that pointed the dart,
And a Ruby that crown'd all his toil.

At Northampton on Tuesday, the 21st ult. Mr. THOMAS WHITTEMORE, Merchant, of this city, to Miss HANNAH SHELLEN, of that town.

At Newport, Mr. SAMUEL KING, merchant of this city, to Miss HARRIET VERNON, daughter of Samuel Vernon, Esq.

On Thursday evening, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, WILLIAM BARD, Esq. son of Dr. Samuel Bard, to Miss CATHARINE CRUGER, daughter of the late Nich. Cruger, of this city.

At Bridgeport, on Wednesday, the 29th ult. the Hon. WM. W. GILBERT, of this city, to Miss BETSEY HAWLEY of that place.



Deaths.

Died, on Saturday last, Miss Ann Graham, of this city; a young lady of the most exemplary piety.

On Wednesday, the 6th inst. Mr. John Munro, of this city, merchant.

At Baltimore, on the 5th inst. Mr. RICHARD DALMAHOY, of the house of Dalmahoy & Anderson, of this city, merchants.

Such as were subscribers to the New-York Journal, and are unwilling to receive the VISITOR in lieu of it, will please (or rather dispense) by signifying their disapprobation to the Carrier hereof.



DOCTOR COSMETIC,

Sung by Mr. Hodgkinson, at Mr. Vernon Garden, with very great applause.

BELIEVE me in country or town,
No cosmetic but mine would go down,
Both young ones and old ones, would flock at my call,
And for pimples and wrinkles they purchas'd it all.
The sweet creatures would cry,
Your art, sir, I'll try,
For a freckle I spy
Just below my left eye:
To the face pale and wan gave the blush of the rose,
And plac'd on the cheek what I found on the nose.

Some smirking,
Some jerking,
Some crummy,
Some gummy,
Eyes askew,
Noses blue,
Sallow cheek,
Made so sleek,

'Bove all commendation my trade is.
Smiling face
Prate a pace,
Tell the news,
All amuse,
Aim to show
What's the go,
That's the way,
Now a-day,
To shine as a man for the ladies.

H.
To tell what I've been,
And what fair ones I've seen,
In places where I my abode took,
I'm sure it would fill
A chancery bill,
Or as long be as Patterson's road book.
First at Acton and Ealing,
Their faces I'm peeling,
At Hchester and Dorchester,
And Chichester and Porchester;
At Woolwich and Highgate,
And Dulwich and Ryegate;
At Beckington and Ockington,
And Buckingham and Rookingham;
At Brummagem,
I rummage 'em;
At Debtford and Hampton,
And Bedford and Hampton;
At Harlow and Charmouth,
And Marlow and Yarmouth;
At Dartford and Darking,
And Harford and Barking;
At Worcester and Chester,
And Gloster and Leicester;

At Teddington and Aldersham,
And Paddington and Faversham;
At Holyhead and Riverhead,
And Maidenhead and Leatherhead.
In chains and four I've rattled off to Daventry,
And many is the time that I've been sent to Coventry.
To this list let me add, and the vanity pardon,
I've made many a fair one smile in fam'd Mount-
Vernon Garden.
Where there's some smirking, &c.

THE MAGDALEN.

A Poem, founded on a circumstance which really happened in London.

"Her tears have wash'd the stain away."

A Fair one, frail by love betray'd,
Who long had mourn'd her loss of fame,
Took refuge in the house of Peace,
Emilia was her happier name.

Wan was her cheek, her visage pale,
Yet sweetly beam'd her languid eye;
Her faded form still own'd a grace,
Which almost might with beauty vie.

Her modest air, her decent grief,
Bespoke her of no mean descent;
Her tears, her never ceasing sighs,
Evine'd a heart with anguish rent.

Two years in silent sorrow pass'd;
A rev'rend pastor press'd to know
(In hopes to ease her lab'ring breast,
The source of such relentless woe.

'Why urge th' ungrateful theme?' she cried;
'Guilt is the source of all my grief;
'I've stain'd a father's cheek with shame;
'In vain you'd minister relief.
'In vain the flattering Hope would urge,
'A parent's heart is mercy's seat;
'That he'd not see my tears unmov'd,
'Unmov'd behold me at his feet.

'How could I dare to view that face,
'Where once the kindest feelings shone!
'How dare to meet a father's look,
'And know those kindest feelings gone!
'You, Rev'rend Sir, who thus have wean'd
'From Guilt her melancholy tales,
'When I am dead, oh! shade my crime,
'With dark oblivion's thickest veil!"

With tend'rest charity inspir'd,
The holy man, with soothing art,
Thus calm'd the tumults of despair,
And cheer'd the mourner's drooping heart:

'Hush'd be your sorrows, helpless fair!
'Renounce these agonizing fears;
'Your earthly parent will forgive,
'And Love divine accept your tears.'

He then with steps of anxious speed,
Hastes to her father's dismal home—
'A suppliant for your child,' he said,
'To thee for pardon am I come.'

* The Magdalen Hospital.

'Shame on the wretch!' the father cry'd,
(Yet forth escap'd one burning sigh);
'I'll not forgive;—but take this gold,
'As fast as thou canst, hie thee away.'

'Oh! how my fond, my darling soul,
'In her did every comfort find;
'I thought, alas! her beauteous face
'An index of her perfect mind.'

'Faded,' he said, 'is now that face;
'Too soon the icy hand of death
'(Whilst you refuse her last request,
'For ever mine she'll be no more!')

'Death, saidst thou? No! she shall not die;
'Conduct me to my much-lov'd child:
'Oh! let me hold her in my arms;
'And speak sweet mercy's accents mild!

He went, and with a parent's voice
He spake sweet mercy's accents mild:
His love return'd, within his arms,
He long'd to strain his sorrowing child.

Mute on his face a while she gaz'd—
'And art thou, art thou come?' she cry'd;
'Raptur'd with joy, my spirits fall!
'Then falling at his feet, she dy'd.'

By a lady of Massachusetts.

JOHN TIEBOUT,
No. 246 Water Street, near Peck Slip,
Has for sale.

THE MAID OF THE HAMLET.
By Reginald Maria Rooker.

REUBEN AND RACHAEL,
OR

Tales of old Times,
By Mrs. Rowson.

JULIA, AND
THE ILLUMINATED BARON.

By a lady of Massachusetts.

THE BEGGAR BOY.
By T. Bellamy.

THE CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.
THE SUFFERINGS

OF THE LOST AND FOUNDEN
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HUTCHINS' ALMANACK
For the year 1803.

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